The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Little Willie and the Apple.

LITTLE Willie stood under the apple-tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one, it wouldn't be right!

Said he: "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day;'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one, he should answer me 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but ju t one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun.
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dream ly over his brain.
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played.

And he sung, "Little Willie, beware, oh! beware;
Your father has gone but our Maker is there.
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day!'"

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house.
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray,
That the Lord would forgive him and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

Baby Arithmetic

ROSEBUD, dainty and fair to see,
Flower of the whole round world to me,
Come this way on your dancing feet—
Say, how much do you love me, sweet?

Red little mouth drawn gravely down,
White brow wearing a puzzled frown,
Wise little baby Rose is she,
Trying to measure her love for me,

"I love you all the day and the night,
All the dark and the sunshine bright,
All the candy in every store,
All my dollars, and more and more,
Over the tops of the mountains high,
All the world, way up to the sky."

For the Myrtle.

The Martin that Would not Fly.

"I DON'T wan't to fly! I'm tired! I wan't to sit here in the sunlight and plume my wings."

"Oh, Martin you must come now! you have no time to waste. You are not very strong my dear, and if you do not use your weak wing to-day, you will not be able to keep up with the rest of us to-morrow."

"I am quite strong enough, my wing is a little weak still, but I shall be able to fly against the strongest wind by to-morrow; and I am enjoying myself so much here, that I beg you will not disturb me."

"Martin, no bird ever came to any good who did not mind its mother. You are too young to know much—so get up and exercise your wing. You are not as strong as you think yourself. We have only one day more to spend here. To-morrow all the Martins in the land will start on a long journey to a lighter and warmer climate. It is growing cold, too cold for us in this northern country, and we must seek other lands. Come, come Martin, stay here no longer! I know it is pleasant to sit in the sweet sunshine, but you can fly in it just as well. You will not be able to keep up with us to-morrow, if you do not strengthen your wing a little to-day."

"I'll go by-and-by; just leave me here a little while, and then I'll fly, fly, fly all day long."

"Well! Martin, if you are left behind to-morrow it will be your own fault, I warn you in

time," said his mother, and away she flew, off into the sunshine, far up into the air, so far, that sometimes she looked as if she were going into the deep blue sky. Sometimes she would fly around in circles, then in straight lines, then she would dart off to the right, then to the left, and then she would start off again into the sky. Now and then she would come back, and beg Martin to go with her, but Martin would fly just a little way and then go back to his perch on the roof of the house, and plume his wings and pipe a few short notes now and then.

The sun climbed up the sky until noon, and still the naughty Martin sat quietly pruning his jetting wings.

"I'll go by-and-by" he kept saying to himself, but the sweet sunshine began to grow less bright, dark clouds chased each other over the sky, and the wind began to blow from the north. Night came at last and found Martin still standing on the roof of the house. He had taken a few short flights through the day, but not enough to strengthen his little weak wing, that had been wounded, and though it had been healed had not grown strong.

When the stars came out one by one in the far off sky, all the birds shut their tiny bead-like eyes in sleep, and Martin shut his little black eyes and went to sleep with his head tucked under his pretty blue-black wing.

Daylight came slowly over the hills. At first a rosy tinge bathed the eastern horizon, which grew deeper and brighter as the moments sped away. The sun gathered great clouds around him, all in robes of a rosy red, white and purple. The dark shadows fled away from the forests and valleys and the birds began to twitter in the branches of the trees. The family of Martins all gathered together, and chattered to each other in a very lively way, all talking at once.

"Do you think you will be able to keep up with us, Martin?" said his mother.

"Oh yes, I am sure I shall, I feel quite strong this morning. Have no fears on my account."

"We have a fine day to start on and a gentle breeze to waft us across the ocean, and the sooner we begin our journey the better it will be. Come, let us go, Martins."

"We'll follow! we'll follow!" said the other birds and as they spoke they darted off the roof of the house on which they were sitting.

Over the hills, far above the tops of the highest trees; over fields, and meadows, forests, rivers and rocks flew the pretty little birds, that had piped and trilled their sweet notes all the long summer days.

Martin flew quite bravely and kept up quite well with the other birds, until near sunset, when he began to grow tired snd when the sun was just behind the western hills, Martin told his mother that he could go no farther, that he was obliged to stop and rest for the night.

"We can't wait for you, Martin, I was afraid you would not be able to continue the journey, and so I am compelled to go with your father and brothers. I must bid you good-by and leave you to help yourself."

Oh how sad and lonely poor Martin felt. He flew a little farther, and then fluttered down, down to the earth. Fortunately he had fallen into a bed of moss that grew under a maple tree that stood near the roadside. Martin made several efforts to start again on his journey but it was useless. He was too weak to do anything except to fly around the tree and then settle down again in the grass and moss.

Whilst Martin was thinking of his troubles, a little girl came up to the tree to pull some of the beautiful leaves that hung on its branches, and as she stooped to gather some of the leaves that had fallen to the ground, her eyes fell upon poor Martin, and before he could fly out of her reach she caught him and held him tightly but gently between her pretty, fat hands.

Martin was so terrified that he shut his little eyes and lay very still, a most unhappy prisoner. I suppose he thought little Minnie meant to kill him or maltreat him in some way, but she just carried him home and put him in a great empty cage, that hung near the kitchen window. Martin didn't like his cage home, but he was treated so kindly, that he could not complain. Little Minnie kept Martin almost a week in the cage, then she opened the door and told him to fly, fly away, and as Martin's wing had grown strong, he did fly away as fast as his wings would carry him. He flew around the garden, the orchard, and the meadows; then he flew towards the South for that was the way his mother and father and brothers had gone.

We will now tell you what Martin did when he reached the South, for he did reach it, after flying two or three days. He found a mate, and built a nest, and raised a fine family, and when the young Martins were old enough to understand he told them the story of his own foolish

disobedience to his mother, and how he had put off doing what he should have done at once, until it was too late to do anything.

"My dear children," said Martin "it was a hard lesson that taught me obedience and punctuality, for by the laws that govern bird life, I could never be united to my parents again. They were obliged for their own and their children's sakes to keep moving onward to a warmer climate, and by not obeying my mother, and doing at the right time what I should have done I was left behind and could not find them when I was strong enough to fly to the south, and by disobedience I lost the care of a good, kind mother. A. M. L. M.

How it is Done.

Scene in the library—gentleman busy writing—child enters.

"Father, give me a penny."

"Haven't got any—don't bother me."

"But, father, I want it—something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"I must have it! You promised me one."

"I did no such thing! I won't give you any more pennies—you spend too many. It's all wrong. I won't give it to you; so go away!"

Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one – it's real mean!"

"No! Go away—I won't do it! So there's an end of it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes. Father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child.

Child smiles, looks shy and goes out conqueror, determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of like results.

Scene in the street—two boys playing—mother opens the door and calls one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house right away."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come in right away I'll give you a whipping."

Joe smiles and continues his play. His companion is alarmed for him, and advises him to obey.

"You'll catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"O no—I won't. She always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents. Show your children by example that you are weak and undecided and unthoughtful, and they aptly enough despise your authority and regard your word as nothing. They graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your sowing will not fail.

"Cheer Him."

In one of our large cities, a fire broke out in a lofty building. It was near midnight, and the flames had made headway before they were discovered. The fire-companies rallied; the inmates escaped in affright; and the firemen worked with a will to subdue the flames. The smoke had become so thick that the outlines of the house were scarcely visible; and the fiery element was raging fiercely, when a piercing cry was heard which thrilled all hearts, as they learned that there was one person yet unsaved within the building.

In a moment a ladder was swung through the flames, and planted against the heated walls; and a brave fireman rushed up its rounds to the rescue.

Overcome by the heat and smoke, and perhaps daunted by the hissing flames before him, he halted, and seemed to hesitate. It was an awful scene. A life hung in the balance, and each moment was an age.

"Cheer him!" shouted a voice in the crowd; and a wild "Hurrah" burst like a tempest from the beholding multitude. That cheer did the work; and the brave fireman went upward amid smoke and flame; and, in a moment, he descended with the rescued one in his arms.

Friend, brother, when you see a brave soul battling with temptation, struggling under the cross, rushing forward to rescue dying men, and yet faltering in an hour of weakness or a moment of peril, then "cheer him."

"My Heart is so Hard."

An old man, one day, took a little boy on his knee, and talking to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to him, and love him. The boy had heard his parents say that the old man was not a Christian, and he therefore felt surprised. Then he looked up into the old man's face, and said, "But why don't you seek God?"

The old man was much affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child! I neglected to do so when I was young; and now my heart is so hard, that I fear I never shall be able."

For the Myrtle.

The Baby's Picture.

TWO little heads together
Looking the album o'er.
"Oh, such a funny picture,
We never saw before.

Such a queer old fashioned bonnet,
With flowers all round the face,
Such a s ant, long-waisted dress,
Such a world of lace!

And the face—why that is like mother's!
Did ever *she* look so?"
"Yes, dears, that is your mother
Taken ten years ago."

And their mother smiled at the picture,
Of herself in her bride's array,
Kept by her own fond mother,
In honor of that glad day.

Then she led the way to the par'or,
With its pictures on the wall,
And one of a little baby,
The sweetest and best of all.

"And what do you think of that one?"
The mother said with a smile,
"Is *that* such a funny picture
Old-fashioned and out of style?"

"Why no,—the dear little beauty,"
The children laughed to say,
"It couldn't be fresher and sweeter
If painted but yesterday!

With the dimpled arms and shoulders,
And the dress so plain and white,
And such a sweet little night-cap
Tied on, perhaps, for the night:

The little careless ringlets
Around the forehead fair,
And a handful of grass and lilies
Just picked from the door yard there.

Why, is it a *real* picture?"
"My dears, I will have you know
That *that* is your own dear mother,
Just thirty years ago!

'Tis your mother's baby picture,
That has kept through all the years,
In the same, immortal fashion
That a baby always wears.

Only the men and women,
Grow so absurd and strange;
The little babies' pictures,
Never grow old or change."

"Yes," said the fond old grandpa,
Coming in with a smile,
"Bless God, the little children
Never go out of style."

H. A. B.

The Owl Who Wrote a Book.

The owl wrote a book to prove that the sun was not full of light, but that the moon was much more luminous; that the whole world had been mistaken about it, and that the whole world was wrong and the owl was right.

"What a wonderful book!" cried all the night birds, "and it must be right; our lady, the owl, has such very large eyes, of course she can see through all the mists of ignorance."

"Very true," cried the bats, "she is right, no doubt. As for us, we can not see a blink; the moon and sun are alike to us. And for anything we know, there is no light in either. So we went over in a body to her opinion."

By-and-by the matter was noised abroad until the eagle heard of it. He called the birds around him, and looking down upon them from his rocky throne, spoke thus:—

"Children of the light and of the day, beware of night birds; their eyes may be large, but they are so formed that they can not receive the light. And what they can not see, they deny the existence of. Let them praise the darkness or the moonlight in their haunts, they have not known anything better; but let us who love the light, because our eyes can bear it, give all glory to the fountain of it and make our boast of the sun, whilst we pity the poor moon worshippers, who live in comparative darkness."

The moral is all around us.—*Good Cheer.*

For the Myrtle.

The Secret.

WE told you last week of the tableau Bridget made for her mistress' friend to use in her entertainment in L. The friend's name, by the way, was Miss Carrie Howe. We will tell you of another tableau Miss Howe found on her way home.

She was riding along, by a school house when her driver stopped to let his horses drink at a trough by the wayside. While sitting there she watched the children at their play about the school house. In the door stood two little girls so pretty and sweet-looking, that she soon gave all her attention to them.

One was coaxing the other to tell her something. "Now tell, now please do. Come—I won't tell anybody," Miss Howe heard in the most coaxing tones. But the other little one on-

ly put her finger to her lip and smilingly shook her head. You little girls all know *that* gesture, when you have a mighty secret to keep!

Then the other little girl stole her arm around her companion's neck, and was so very, very loving and good! "Come, *why* won't you tell me," she coaxed. "I shan't think you love me one bit, if you don't."

But the little secret-keeper only shook her head and laid that mysterious finger on her lip as if tortures could not wring it from her.

Miss Howe's quick eye took it all in. "Another tableau!" she cried to herself. And taking out her ivory tablets, she opened where she had written "Borrowed Plumes," and wrote under it "The Secret."

When her tableaux came off, there it was. Two charming little girls, her sister and a playmate, made the picture. One had a satchel of books slung from her shoulder and another in her hand, to show the schoolgirl. The other had her arm about her and was looking pleadingly up into her face in that coaxing way that all children know. But Miss Schoolgirl only smiled mysteriously and held her finger on her pursed-up lips as a sacred seal of silence.

Everybody was delighted. "Where *did* Miss Howe get such original tableaux," they wondered.

"Oh, you know what 'tableaux vivants' means," said Miss Howe, when they asked her, "*Living* pictures." I got my tableaux straight out of life, instead of the painted pictures, and that is why they are so fresh and new. I suspect life is full of tableaux, all the time, if we only thought of it, and looked for them."

Yes, that is true. That is where the painter gets his pictures, and the poet his poems and the story-writer his stories. They are all *lived* in one way or another before they are written. The poet and story writer and painter do not *make* them; they only *see* them, as Miss Howe saw her tableaux, and repeat them afterwards. Learn Miss Howe's secret, and get your pictures from real life, if you would have them natural and delightful.

H. A. B.

EXPERIENCE teaches, it is true, but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered: but the same event never occurs again.

Allie and the Birdie.

ALLIE.

BIRDIE, dear birdie,
Up there in the tree,
Stop your sweet chatter
And listen to me;
You have been singing
The whole day long,
Giving "us people"
Enough of your song.

BIRDIE.

Sweet little Allie,
My throat is my own,
The tree where I'm sitting
For Birdie has grown:
This is a free concert—
There's nothing to pay,
And if you don't like it,
Just toddle away.

ALLIE.

Birdie, dear Birdie,
"Go slow," if you please;
Will you kindly tell me
Who planted these trees?
Who patiently waited
And watched as they grew,
And watered them carefully,
All summer through?

BIRDIE.

Our Father in heaven,
Sweet Allie, my dear,
Gave the seed to your papa,
Who planted it here;
The dew and the sunshine,
The rain and the snow,
He sent down upon it,
And caused it to grow.

ALLIE.

Oh, I see, we're indebted
To God for its growth,
And I think he intended
The tree for us both—
A shelter for Birdie,
A shadow for me;
On this I am certain
We two can agree.

BIRDIE.

All right, dearest Allie,
Of that we're together—
One question is settled,
But here is another
That we must now manage
Some way to decide:
There is but one apple—
I move to divide.

ALLIE.

I second the motion—
I'm sure it is fair;
You may just eat your portion
And throw down my share.
But some little piggy
Might happen to snatch it,
So I'll hold up my apron
And then I can catch it.

Letter from Maine.

DEAR CHILDREN: Your editor writes you from two hundred miles away, up among those excellent Sunday Schools of Maine that we have so often spoken about. Yesterday we were at that Sunday School Convention at Auburn, that we said, last week, you might hear more about. We have just sat down in the home of our good pastor at Norway, the minister of our own childhood, to make that promise good.

We made the journey from Boston to Auburn between noon and seven o'clock at evening. We had left the MYRTLE, making, behind us, and all the afternoon, as we rode through the green fields and pleasant woods, touched with the beauty of the Autumn, we knew that the types were busily clicking together to make it. The meeting, too, was going on at Auburn, and that other great Sunday School meeting in New York City. And we had in our hands the large book containing the reports of the great "International" Sunday School meeting held at Indianapolis last fall. Everywhere the children—and everywhere they are being cared for! It was as an inspiring thought.

When we reached the beautiful city of Auburn, where we had never been before, the lamps were lighted and the bells were ringing for the evening service. A good friend was in waiting and took us first home, and then to the church. There, in a strange place, we found many familiar faces, friends old and new, and all friends of the Sunday School. The church was full, and had been all day, to hear the forenoon addresses by Rev. Brs. Tabor and Bosserman on "the Relation of the Sunday School to the Parish," and the afternoon address by Rev. Mr. Munson, in criticism of "The methods of conducting Sunday Schools." In the evening we heard a good address from Rev. W. R. French on "The Economy of the Sunday School;" or, as he made it mean, the benefit of the Sunday School to society and the zeal with which we ought to work for it. Afterwards came a talk about library books for the Sunday School; and all agreed that the children should have the best books ever written to read, those that will interest and improve them without being harmful. A little boy who was at the meeting, said afterwards, "I don't want to give my money to the Sunday School if they take out all the story books." And we told him that nobody wanted to take out all the stories, only the silly and trashy ones; many of the best and most delightful books in the world were stories; and the best books were always the most delightful, so he needn't be afraid the libraries would be spoiled. And we tried to show that it was just as foolish to buy poor books when good ones were just as cheap, as it would be to buy calico when one could get silk and velvet and broadcloth for the same money. Give the children the *best*, that was the plea

The next morning the teachers had an "experience-meeting" and afterwards, Br. Vose, Superintendent of the Rockland school held a model Sunday School Session. He went through with all the general exercises, singing, responses, general talk on the lesson, and so on. Afterwards, since some of the friends knew we were used to talking with the children through the pen, we were asked to hear a class of little children recite their lesson. The little girls came in, six or seven of them, and sat in front of the audience, and together we talked over their lesson about "John the Baptist and Jesus." We are bound to say they had a splendid lesson; if our little readers who had that lesson on September 21st, had it half as well learned, they did very well. And we learned some new things about it, too. We trust those dear little girls, whose names even we do not know, will not soon forget the lesson they recited to their stranger teacher.

In the afternoon, speeches on "Earnestness in the Sunday School work" were made by many of the ministers and teachers present. In the midst of it we had to leave for the long ride to Norway, but not before hearing the little boy who had been troubled about the libraries the evening before, say, "I wish I was a Sunday School teacher." So much good the meeting had done him! It is to be hoped it gave us all the same fresh love for the work

Among the good things we saw at the meeting were the "leaf-clusters," large charts with pictures and texts, to be used in place of a blackboard, a good tract on Sunday School work, written by Br. Munson, who was present, and given to all the teachers, a set of Bible maps in a little pamphlet, to take into the teacher's class, and a manual of directions for the Sunday School, written by Edward Eggleston. This manual has with many other good things, a plan of conducting a Sunday School Library, that all librarians ought to have.

We learned something of the Auburn school, and saw many of its teachers. It is large and prosperous; uses the *Helper* lessons and finds them very profitable; takes the MYRTLE, like a wise school, and uses the "leaf-cluster" in its general exercise.

The leaf-cluster is sold by Eben Shute, 40 winter St. Boston; seventy-five cents will buy this chart for three months, with eleven cents more for the postage, or three dollars will buy them, prepaid, for a year. They are a great help even with the blackboard, and a greater help without it. The maps and manuals can be had at the same place; the maps for ten cents apiece, the manuals for thirty.

On Sunday we hope to see the bright faces of the children of the Norway Sunday School, and to give their greetings to the other readers of the MYRTLE. And the next day we shall be at the MYRTLE office to *get our own letter* before the children do, and read it in print first of all.

Let us add for a postscript that we met the Norway school on the most rainy of mornings, and saw hardly more than a third of the hundred and fifty scholars who make up the school. But with those present we had the pleasure of looking over that beautiful lesson of "the Sower and the Seed" with which most of the Sunday schools in our land were made familiar on that day. Mr. A. E. Denison, a late graduate of Tufts, is Superintendent of this school.

Another Maine School.

—We are indebted to Mrs. J. L. Case, for the following description of a good Sunday School.

DEAR MYRTLE: I know you gladly welcome any favorable news from any of our Sabbath Schools, so I send you a few words from ours in Pittsfield. Our Sunday School is a wide awake school, numbering over one hundred scholars and teachers. Our Library contains one hundred and eighty books, and we are soon to get more. We have an excellent superintendent, and faithful teachers, and what is to be admired, our young people make it a fixed principle to attend. We use the *Helper* and lesson papers, and question books for infant minds. We have our quarterly concerts and concerts that are not quarterly, besides other entertainments. But what is most to be admired in our Sunday School, is the perfect clock-work system that governs it especially in regard to the library. Not a book is taken out, but the number can be traced back to the scholar who takes it, and found, for a corresponding number is registered on the "Sunday School Register," consequently not a book is lost; if one is missing it is paid for by the loser. As a proof of this system, I will add that only one book was lost during the last year. The process of registering is described in the Register which, if I mistake not is kept at the Boston Universalist Publishing House. It is the best thing I ever saw for a Sunday School.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXI.—PAUL

Question. — How many came to hear Paul and Barnabas on the second Sunday they were in Antioch?

Answer. — Acts xiii. 44.

Q. — What were the feelings of the Jews when they saw the great gathering of the people?

A. — Acts xiii, 45.

NOTE. The Jews regarded themselves as the especial favorites of God; and they were too narrow and selfish to enjoy the truth that he loved people of the other nations.

Q. — What did the Jews do in regard to the truths spoken by Paul?

A. — Acts xiii. 45.

NOTE. No doubt Paul spoke of Christ as a light to lighten the Gentiles as well as the glory of Israel; and stirred the Jews to contradict him.

Q. — When the Jews pursued such an unjust cousre, what did Paul and Barnabas say?

A. — Acts xiii. 46.

Q. — How extensive did they assure the Jews that Christ's salvation was to be?

A. — Acts xiii. 47.

Q. — What emotions did the Gentiles have, when they heard that the salvation extended to them?

A. — Acts xiii. 48.

Q. — How large a section was aroused by the preaching of the Missionaries?

A. — Acts xiii. 49.

Q. — Finding that deep interest of the people of the city compelled the missionaries to remain and preach, what did the Jews do?

A. — Acts xiii. 50.

NOTE. It is quite clear that these were Jewish women, the wives of influential heathen citizens of the city. And it seems that these Jewish women were induced to influence their husbands—men of authority—to expel Paul and Barnabas from the city.

Q. — What prophecy of Christ was here fulfilled?

A. — John xvi. 2.

Q. — What did Paul and Barnabas do

A. — Acts xiii. 51.

Q. — What command of the Saviour did they obey in doing this?

A. — Matt. x. 14.

NOTE It was a doctrine of the Scribes that the dust of the heathen defiled by touching. Hence the act of shaking off the dust of the feet was the same as saying that the persons against whom it was done, were heathens, though they did claim to be Jews.

Hidden Seed

Enigma. No. 1.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 4, 5, 6 is a color.
My 14, 39, 37 is a covering for the head.
My 1, 2, 20, 19 you all have.
My 3, 2, 24, 40, 30 is an article of furniture.
My 44, 36, 26 is worn on the head by ladies.
My 17, 18, 32, 33, 34, 42 are used in every house.
My 15, 16, 28, 44 is a preposition.
My 38, 32, 35, 45, 22 is an animal.
My 11, 2, 8, 13, 27, 12, 7 will amuse little ones.
My 23, 9, 10 is a title applied to men.
My 21, 43, 29, 30 is a number.
My 31, 25, 26 is to divide anything.
My whole may be found in Proverbs.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 11, 3, 28, 4, 13, 20 is a girl's name.
My 7, 6, 14, 21 is seen in winter.
My 27, 10, 23, 12 is unpleasant.
My 5, 26, 18, 34, 16, 36, 15, 16 is in a Western state.
My 1, 25, 8 is worn on the head.
My 30, 31, 9, 36, 16, 11, 29, 32 are used to heat houses.
My 19, 10, 35, 38 37, 26, 23 are very useful.
My 17, 2, 16, 4 is not far off.
My 30, 22, 6, 24 is not cold.
My whole my be found in Proverps.

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